Constant Davis Huntington
Natural Bridge Hotel
Natural Bridge
Virginia.

Bought at Lexington, Virginia
Jan 17th 1901

When he came to make out his bill
he had breakfast was at eight o'clock
so up we got and arrived
in the parlor before any one
else. Joe Lovering and I, Constant
Huntington, make up the we
just mentioned. At about
half past nine we had
breakfast. Little Pocahontas
Robertson did not appear.
Mr Robertson's manager Mr
de Jarnette comes to the table
I thought why they let him I
cannot see for he seems to
be one of the commonest of
men. Mrs Robertson had
forgotten to tell the Coachman
to take us all to Saltville
So after waiting most of the
morning we at last decided
to go in the train. We all went
out into the field behind the

store and spent the time that we had to wait shooting at a mark with Miss Posey's revolver and mine. We shot at the tin top of a glass jar and with one shot each both Miss Posey and I hit it square. The train when it arrived turned out to be a common freight with a passenger coach coming along behind. By itself coasting down the grade. At the salt works we got hold of the Mount, who had the privilege of Lord Kitchener, and were personally conducted through the works. The machines, vats, and engines are tremendous things, built on an enormous scale. They pump the brine from the wells and with Ammonia and Co^2 gas extract Sodium-

Carbonate and Caustic Soda
Mr Mount dictated his explanations
to me and got off formula after
formula which I did not at
all understand. As we went
from building to building we
began to fear that we would be
too late about starting to get
home before dark, and Pop
and I practically decided to
spend the night if possible.
Elbert the Colored Coachman
was not in sight when we
were ready to go home so Mr
Mount sent us back on
an Engine we sat on the
back just behind the Cabin
and we went whizzing along
the track at a fine rate.
Mr Mount galloped along the
road beside the track on a
big bay horse. Just before we
reached home Elbert met
us with the wagon and drove

us to the door. almost as soon as we got inside the house we heard that Mrs Robertson was really ill and although it was long after tea we decided to start for home as soon as dinner was over. But at dinner Mrs Robertson appeared, a little pale but practically well, and anxious for us to stay. An alcohol lamp had run over and blazed on the table giving Cor quite a fright. We were a quiet, solemn crowd of people for Joe and I felt that we had no business to be there. The girls took a nap in the afternoon and Mrs Robertson who seemed quite recovered, entertained Joe and me in the parlor.

There are two fine old corner chairs of red velvet on either side of the fireplace and on these we sat talking. Mrs Robertson is a very agreable and cultivated woman and we had a pleasant time with her until the little spoiled Pocahontas called her from the room. At five Kathleen and I went to walk and continued our absurd flirtation. She encourages all sorts of ridiculous protestations and rather likes to have liberties taken if they are not carried too far. She is very good fun and a mighty nice girl, rather fascinating too. Everybody all the time, but no one could claim she was pretty. She is very tall and has straight black

pomp-makes her Caller. Then she does not Care, Surely will Aunt She is Lod Him. Her face is almost Saint and when she Laughs She shows the whole Length of her teeth and gums almost like a Skull. Joey Worden whom we met at the Works, Came to tea. He is a good fellow rather aware of his feet and conscious of good looks, not particularly Keymist. We played six Hundred Euchre, he and I and Kathleen beating Poey, Marcie and Joe. Father made a little Scene at the end when the other side made one game of the Rubber by Kathleen Cheating with Joe, but I stopped before it became at all disagreable. Joe and I no longer get on

well or even comfortably together. He never took any advice or enjoyed my conversation particularly, unless I was telling risqué stories, but now he snaps up every remark I make with contradiction carrying it to the point of absurdity. That makes me rather weary so when he flatly contradicts me in public I turn sick which is easy enough. I suppose the truth is that both of us are a little tired of each other and very much tired of hanging around Cowes so I guess we want to go away and have a week to ourselves. He easily thinks he is happy here but isn't. Whatever the explanation is

we have become like oil and water and I see and know that the only safe thing to do is to speak to him as little as possible. I dare say when we start riding again it will be all right, but now I have no use or respect for him. He has no idea of keeping his word. At Roanoke after I had been smoking a little for several weeks, I told him that I was going to give it up as I thought it was bad for me. Dr. Mumford had told him not to smoke cigarettes, his mother had forbidden it and I had advised him to give them up. Still he had kept on. Now when I told him I was going to stop smoking he said of his

own accord that while I did not smoke at all he would give up cigarettes. He made it a promise and for two or three days he kept it. Then he began to talk of cigarettes again and at Radford he bought a package and began to smoke them again. I practically called him a liar and took no more notice of the matter. At Wytheville he said that he was going to give up cigarettes again and this time for good. I advised him not to make it a promise as I did not believe he would stick to it. But he swore that this time he meant it. Now he is smoking cigarettes again. Of course this is a little

thing but it is not likely to increase my respect or affection for him. Especially as Mrs Lovering asked me to tell him that he did not smoke cigarettes. He broke his promise again. When we came to Abingdon the first time I wanted him to go up to Bigg Flow Jap with me as we had intended to all along and as we had agreed to when we started; he would not go. At last I gave in and was willing to stay in Abingdon. "But" I said "If when we come back the horses need more rest, will you promise to leave them at Bristol and go up to the Jap with me." He agreed enthusiastically and said that he wished

be glad to go then. The only thing was he did not want to go at just this time. He always says that he will do things tomorrow but just does not want to do them to day driving me almost wild. For he never keeps his word. Sure enough when we reached Bonydon riding although Nikki's back was in a bad state he had no idea of going to Big Stone Lap, but flatly refused. He has a way of saying what he will not do absolutely without consulting or considering my wish or opinion in the slightest. He annoys me in countless ways. He never takes me into consideration and when people ask where

we are from he replies that he is from Boston not alluding to me. In the same way when he is asked why we are taking his trip he replies simply for Emily and explains that he had to have a bone taken from his arm and says not a word about me. He knows perfectly well that I came because I had trouble with my bronchial tubes and that the remuneration offered by his mother simply induced me to come with him instead of doing the same thing alone or with some one else. I suppose that the truth is that he is a thoroughly selfish person with no delicacy of feeling

and not much perception. He cannot fail to be a gentleman because of his parents and breeding. He would be excellent company at a drinking bout with other fellows who were as wealthy as he. "Getting tight" and sailing seem to be the only things he cares about. Well well life is not all beer and skittles and I must expect to find some tares in the wheatfield. In some ways at rare times Joe is a sweet fellow, it is a comfort to be with a fellow who feels as I do about old families and the privileges of birth. We are both born snobs and that is our one feeling in common. Anyway I am happy today regardless of him.

Hattie Hotel, Abingdon, Thursday February 7th 1901

Our one idea this morning was to get back to Abingdon. Soon after ten I went out and helped the oily colored man to hitch up and at eleven all was ready to start. Miss Mattie stood on the piazza with us all smiling and gracious the perfect Lake Mrs Washington. We waved to her our last good-bye and rattled off in the old fussy wagon. Joe drove with Mattie beside him and Posy and I sat on the back seat. Posy and I talked about marriage and matrimonial difficulties and bringing up girls. At mid way

Kathleen came back to
sit with me because
my seat had a support
and she was growing tired.
She agreed yesterday that
it was more sensible for
me to call her Kathleen
but to day she said not
to call her that except
when we were alone.
We reached home at about
two. Joe and I drove back
to Rugby, unhitched the
waggon and then I took
Rupiaura home reading
Nellie. They at lunch
for us here at the Hall
House at three o'clock.
We spent the rest of the
afternoon changing the
horses to Mr Arnets stable
and talking to him
about saddles. He is a
good plain man with a

carbuncle just now on his neck. He asked us over to take a meal with him sometime and said that he hoped Mr Boykin would come with us. He has a sort of bilious attack but of course he will not take care of himself or see the doctor, just as he refused to buy overshoes when he had a cold and got his feet wet whenever he went out. I forgot him and my troubles for two hours this evening when I was sound asleep underneath Mr York. At quarter after seven we started for Mr Whites to take tea. He was anxious that I

would not start before,
and he soon went so
far as to ask Bessy after
we had been there some
minutes if we were not
half an hour late.
She said that supper
was not ready then
and that we were not
late at all, and it was
about twenty minutes
before supper was
announced. Miss Annie
White who was in mourning
and reminded me of
Cousin Lucy, sat at
the head of the table and
Will White carved ham
at the foot. Captain
and Mrs White sat at
one side of Miss Annie.
I sat with Kathleen at
the other. Everyone was
very pleasant, and a

Mr Jas Carson who was visiting from the U. of V. seemed to be a very attractive fellow. There was no particular cordiality however. I was a little prepared for this because Kathleen had told me that her mother was very bitter against all Yankees. It is no great wonder for the war reduced Sue and her family from great wealth to comparative poverty. I spent the evening talking to Rosie on the little sofa. She had said before with her sisters that we made very curious specimens and she let me know

that pajamas ought not to be mentioned in Southern Society. She told me a night about other breaks that I had made especially one as we drove this morning I couldn't guess what it was. Josie told me about the Robertson girls that she had and asked nothing for though I often had tried desperately to get them, and about the rare old lace that she did not even like to wear. as she did not care at all for such things. We four played a few hands of Euchre, Josie gave Joe and me each a tiny Mexican Coin and then we two came home.

Here in my room I have thought up what I said that shocked Posie. She had been talking about things that had troubled her as a young girl and had said that she thought girls should be very carefully shielded from things that might embitter their lives. Then I had spoken of my own family and how after Mamma had raised four boys she had a little girl to bring up, and found it harder than all the boys. I am quite sure that this is what Miss White meant and I think that "Home sort gumming" is the best advice for her. These Southern men are all

fast going with women
from. Youth up. The
Southern girls we are I
dare say no better than
they should be and
so no one here can listen
speak of anything that
can be taken in a
suggestive meaning without
shocks and confusion. I
am disgusted with the whole
lot. I don't want to see
Posy or Kathleen White ever
again. They have done
nothing for us and I feel in
no way their debtor. I
have spent a great deal of
time about seeing them
in East Orange or Boston
but I hope now that I
will not. I shall see them
at the card party to-morrow
night and it is an even
chance that there will be a
scene and perhaps a duel afterwards

Hotel Hattie, Abingdon, Va, Friday Feb 8th 1901

Joe completed his arrangements for a new saddle this morning with the help of Mr Arnett and Hazie the old Saddle maker over the creek. I tried Rapidanne with a curb bit which made her furious and did not help her throwing up her head. On our way home we stopped at Mrs Boykins and had a long talk with Mr Boyken and Mrs Campbell. The old lady showed me the sapphire heart surrounded by diamonds which Mr Elliot Roosevelt gave to her adopted daughter who died. I had heard of the ring and how after Mr Roosevelts death the family who prized it as an heirloom

asked Mrs Campbell for it and she refused to give it up. The Whites told me about Mrs Mr Roosevelt who was Judge Lacy brother. He lived here in Abingdon. Separated from his wife whom he still adored. When his wife died he had something like softening of the brain. He had always been most prodigal of presents to his adopted daughter Mrs Campbells from Sue upon, pianos, jewels and the Lord knows what not. Before his death he used to give more away by the handfuls and pay for a dress with a thousand dollar bill. He seems to have been

charming man and a great addition to Abingdon.
Brother Boykin walked down the street with us to the Post Office. I purposely covered the opinion of my religious character to day for when he said that George Worden had been persuaded to confess to Uncle Jimes and then had never been to church since, I said I did not wonder for I thought that the memory of that confession would disgust him with the whole thing. I do truly think that too.
The afternoon I spent writing in my diary which has been neglected lately as I did not take it to Saltville. We went to the Card party this

evening and saw our
old friends. Miss Read
was very sweet and
nice and Mrs Hawley
of Radford Va & Miss
Hoskins was exceedingly
pleasant. Little Miss Jane
Penn whom I never
noticed before is certainly
a beauty. Miss Katie
Roberson though not
pretty is one of the nicest
girls I have seen for
some time. I did not
see much of Kathleen
or Rose but I think
that without saying much of
anything I made Rose see
that I was offended at
the fuss She made about
my remarks in the
carriage. Bessie White
is rather affected but I
think she would improve

on acquaintance. She is very pretty in a simple way. Jean Frye is a fine girl and she does look stiff when she is dressed up. She wore a violet silk waist and she did not seem very large. Her little sister Margaret was as sweet as a picture going around the table on her silver animals that the scene was kept with The two Misses Alderslieve were there a little over-done as usual. Then there was a homely miss Wotherspoon and her mother looking just as young and very entertaining by her remarks in the game she did not understand. Major Watson was as usual

as ever and his wife
really charming. Willie
White was there and Jus
Reston with them. Both
cordial and good company.
I did neither so well
or so badly that I ex-
celled and I had a
mighty good time. The
Champagne punch was
very palatable and I
drank quite as much
as was good for me.
Joe did so well that he
had to cut for the prize
with two other men. He
cut Lowest and Mr
Shuster a pleasant man
in a beard carried off
the prize which was a
Waterman fountain pen
not half so good as the one
I am writing with this minute
Met at the Hotel at one o'clock at night

Mrs Imboden's, Damascus, Va, Feb. 9th 1901

This morning began hazy threatening and I did not know whether we would start or not. But we began to pack and said we would so if the rain did not come before we were ready. There were lots of things to do about getting off, and it was almost noon when we left the Hattie House, old Wesley the bearded porter, Connolly Sandos the attentive neat young clerk, and Jennings Pinsely with his orange moustache and twinkling eye. Wesley said that he once belonged to Jeanne Triggs mother. He didn't seem at all ashamed of being a slave. I said good bye to Wilkinson and Mrs Acton at the Station

then we took up the street saying farewell. Sweet little Nannie Byrd Trigg said we must come back as she passed us walking on the sidewalk by the Stonewall Jackson Presbyterian Institute. Jeanne Trigg came out on the sidewalk with her collar unbuttoned to "tell me goodbye." She is a fine girl. Before I reached the Triggs we had a long talk with Brother Boykin and Mrs Campbell. She was really very gracious and he gave me a card to Mrs Imboden. We met Bessie and Kathleen White and made our parting speeches on the village street. Major Watson was on hand like the good fellow that he is when they told me at the

bank that I must draw
my American Express Check
Widower by someone before
they could cash it. He
said God bless you to us
as he shook our hands.
Then away we rode at
last. Mr White. with his
white moustache + goatee or spade
his gun and waved his
hand. Kathleen had told
us that Posy was unwell
to day. We passed the
Mingas on the hill and
pressed on as we came
from Chelhowie. A few
miles out however the
way became different and
we struck out into the
purple Knox mountains
like camp tents or
wigwams pitched in a
clustered row. We had
heard of bad fords and

about five miles from Abingdon we came to a very broad river sixty yards across, It was the Crossing but tame though and I have learned to might not it to known as the shallow for it.
Some men in a field warned us away from the next river which they said was unsafe owing to the rains. We went back from the swift milky stream and it is as well, for that was the famous Drowning Ford, dangerous at low water. We went back to a little church and turned to the right aiming for Ramsbottom Close On our way we met a Welsh mountaineer who

bout no mat the ford a Rambo's was unsafe so with them we went on to Wrights store where we stopped to warm with stove corn and ate crackers ourselves. A lot of mountaineers rough customers were coming about and an old mail carrier. The ford here by the suspension bridge filled up by dozens of these illegitimate wrecks proved safe enough coming up not quite so for loaded bodies. We rode up along the stream a little distance watching the buzzards flying about a lot together. Then we turned up to the right and saw a tree black with the great ugly birds. The

roadsides here were
literally pretty with Golden
Rod and Old Rose Bushes
with the hips still on.
On the Train were pussy
willows out. The mountains
changed here from red
to purple and white topped
Blue, the fields of tan grass
were gloriously yellow
and brought out the
green of the Cedar pine
trees excellent taboue.
It was a splendid day
with heavenly blue
sky, and fluffy clouds
The wind has been frightful
all day, but I didn't
mind that. In fact when
I was buying tickets with
Reginald to buy the noodles
and got behind the saddle
and she reared and
plunged worse and worse

I was glad enough to slip off into a cushion of soft red mud. We passed a big wagon with a round hoop top like the old western immigrant wagons, they are not uncommon here. It was a little before six when we came out above a level plain guarded in a circle by hills some steep and high all soft tinted with red. a few scattered houses marked the scene, and a big white building like a stock barn. We forded a swift rough stream so deep and wide that we had even crossed, and then we were in Damascus. a little by Chapel about in

a field and at a little distance was a plain house surrounded by a fence. This a man with me was Mrs Simbodes I found her at the store a refined elderly woman with white hair and an air of quality in her fur cape & I presented the Boykins note and with a little shyness she said that she would be willing to take us in. The horses we left at a stable and took our way back to the house which turned out to be finished inside with wood and fitted up very prettily like a summer cottage a good fire burned in the hall and upstairs in our room everything

was clean and inviting.
I made myself respectable
and then went down
stairs where we waited
talking half starved
until half past seven
for supper. The food
however when it came
was fine tender steak,
and good hot muffins.
Mrs Emerson paralyzed
me by asking me to say
grace. I did my best,
instinctively. This evening
Mrs Emerson has showed
us curiosities, Indian
stone implements like
those at Ashley. The day
they were brought us by
the Indians from New
England as no rain
storm is natural here.
We saw her doves birds
also, and we heard of

her differences with Mr
Boykin. She evidently
does good work here
with her Sunday School
and her visitations but
Oh! is so low that she
is narrow. She objects
even to Mr Boykin's
wearing vestments here
at the little Chapel. I
think she wishes us to pay
board. I shall give it
anyway. Joe and I
have for son well enough
to pay. It still contradicts
everything I say and
sometimes I fight and
argue with him when I
should simply laugh.
I hope the boy is not ill.
It is becoming a common
cold. I have not forgiven
him for going back on
Big Stone Gap and I can't.

Sunday
Central Hotel, Mountain City, Tennessee, February 10th 1901

Again at breakfast this morning Mrs Imboden made me say grace which I did like a little man. She is very nice with her white hair and ladylike ways, but she evidently has a will of her own and ideas that other people must conform too. She has a characteristic mannerism of saying yes to reinforce all her own remarks. After breakfast I told her that I hoped that she would let us contribute something for our work in return for her hospitality and I gave her three dollars for which she seemed very grateful. The mares somehow had the air of not having been fed this morning but I don't know. We left the little river plain of Damascus with its lumber mills and budding

industries and Mrs Smoodens
with Coy Chapel, at about
half past nine. The first
ford came up to the horses
bodies and Rapidanne
stumbled in the deepest part
and tried to turn back. We
got over all right in the end
and rode merrily on to the 2nd
ford. There on the border
of the roaring, swift, milky
stream the horses reared,
and would not go in. We
urged them and after splashing
in the shallow water they reared
and bucked both together. I was
furious with Rapidanne and
when she started to turn I beat
her and made her gallop.
After a minute I pulled her
in and trotted back. She
would not go into the water.
I walked Lily about and
tried again. She only reared
shook her head up and down

and turned back. Joe could do no better with Millie. Then I rode back to the horses and got a little Mr Edmondson to go to the ford with us. He assured us that the ford was not dangerous, but that did not help the horses and we had to turn back once more. He advised us to go back to Mrs Embodens and take a mountain path to avoid the ford. We started to do this but at the other ford which we had already crossed the horses balked again. I did not know what to do. Here we had been told that there were twenty five fords between Damascus and Mountain City and we could'nt make the horses go into the water. I did not stay idle but hunted up a

horse mat a nice old negro
mammy had, and sold it
for a quarter. She was a
nice fat old soul with
gray kinky hair above her
big black face, and hardly
any front teeth. In her cabin
door stood two pretty little
children one "yaller" but very
light, the other with golden hair
and the prettiest dark and
pink cheeks in the world. I
suppose they were both her
children, and perhaps
the pink cheeked baby's
jet black eyes were her
only sign of negro blood,
but perhaps this child
was simply being raised
for white parents by this
nice old darkey mammy.
Mr Edmonston said he
would ride her horse
ahead and see if our

mares would follow. We all went down to the river bank, Joe and I and a dozen men and boys. When the moment came Little Mr Edmonson said. The ford looked mighty dangerous and he complained that he did not know the horse. We waited for him on the bank some time and then two men appeared riding from the other side. They went right into the river without hesitating and came through the swollen waters without coming up more than a few inches for the horses body Mr. Edmonson asked them to go back with us and they said. That they would be glad to help us. One particularly with a black moustache like Johnie Phillips was mighty

mee. After long urging Nellie started in with the two other horses and with some floundering about she reached the other bank. Rapidamente I was hesitating trembling. Then the mee man came back and taking me by the rein started ahead. She pulled back but she had to follow and mee will in the stream she had to go ahead. The water swept past us, a whirling milky flood and we struggled against the swift current. Joe was waiting on one side and all the male population of Damascus of the oldest inhabitant was watching from the other. When we reached the shallow water the man left me and Joe

and I thanked him with blessings in our hearts. The road led through banks of rhodendron which gave the river its name of Laurel. The people call Rhododendron, Laurel, and our Laurel they speak of as Ivy according to Mrs Embodens gray holly trees contrasting the light bark with the dark leaves and red berries grew along the way. Mountain rose thick all around. As the ~~creek~~ ford the horses went fairly well and they kept on improving as the fords grew narrow all the way in. We just about twenty five before we reached Mountain City and most of them wet the quilts of the horses. In one place the sun had

early risen the mountains
were so high and steep. It
must have been after
noon for we did not
start for over the top of the first
mountain after the eleven.
In the shaded valley the
snow still lay thick on
the road, almost everywhere
the snow lay on the
hill sides among the trees.
In most places the road
was good and free from
rock and mud, that
is before we reached
Daniel Bloomers where
we took lunch at
Roberts. The old man
and his son got up
a dinner for us plain
enough but good-especially
the molasses which had
been made right there.
While we were eating the

Cook came in, a tall white girl, the first white servant I have seen since I left Washington. She had on her mouth no shaved stick stuck under her lip that showed the dipped snuff. She had been to the Methodist Church and Robinson said that everyone was a Methodist round here. She had a daughter at the Martha Washington, Methodist Institute at Abingdon. It has been a glorious day with mist. It is like April and bright sunlight. It was pleasant just to live even after we left Laurel Bloomery and struck the mud. I sent a postal to Ma from Mt Bloomery. We rode into

the little town of Mountain City at about six o'clock and established ourselves at the Central Hotel. I spent the evening with a young recruiting officer named Cook and four young recruits. He was a nice fellow and attractive with his yellow mustache neat uniform and military figure, and he talked picturesquely about the war in the Philippines. One of the recruits was a Brandon young lady Miller named Cross White, he seemed great enough to go, another looked rather stupid, a little fellow named Potter was the picture of greenness and innocence, the poor boy looked out of place enough. God knows why

he enlisted. The fourth named Spears was happy as a clam and as dimpled. He had a smile like my brother Frederick and he had a comical drawl in his voice, as he said "I wouldn't mind that, whenever the officer told of something that Yankee had to do. hard or unpleasant. I took a great fancy to this young fellow, poorly educated and ignorant as I dare say he was. I planned like to print out his name and keep track of him. Joe spent his evening & duty in his journal when I am doing sentry while he is sleeping. We have a clean room with two beds and a little stove in front of a filled up old fireplace.

For some reason Joe was energetic this morning and although the snow was falling in big flakes he was ready to start right after breakfast and the horses were waiting in front of the hotel. We found from the big shaggy good old Hotel Keeper Mr Donelley that Ironville was the best place to take lunch, and then off we trotted in the mud and snow. The mountains all about were half hidden by clouds and all the trees were draped with white. It was a hard day for the cattle. At one place we saw a man in a long cloak leading a flock of sheep into another field. They followed a scampering through the snow and he left them at one of hay ricks. These hay ricks supply the sheep and

stores with all the food and clothing that they get in snow time. The animals eat with the hay standing around it until the big mound takes more the shape of a mushroom. We had plenty of fords to cross even this morning and wild scenery with cedar mountains but no fords of cedar timber or towering hills to compare with the beautiful valley of the Sand that we rode in yesterday. The Lonsis that we passed to day were mostly very comfortable big houses and the people whom we met were intelligent looking and even attractive. I think that the land must be fertile here and the people prosperous. Zionville is an uninspiring collection of dwellings with

a big weather beaten structure that might have been either a church or a school before the windows were broken. We stopped at the village store putting up our horses in the Store Keepers barn and taking lunch at his house He was a hearty genial soul and when I told him that we came from Boston he said that he had a brother who had been a Baptist minister near Boston at Jamaica Plains. I suggested Jamaica Plains which pleased him mightily by being right. His name was Jones and his little daughter who waited on the table was as fresh and clean a little maiden as I ever set eyes on. He advised us

to spend the night with Sheriff Beard at Valley Cruces who he said was a good fellow though a Democrat. We had had our slickers in the morning and when we took to the road in the afternoon we took our slickers soon too. For it threw had settled into a misty rain. His slicker comes down below his feet and as he rides it looks like galvanized flapping of the field of the cloth of gold. There was water everywhere this afternoon for our road was actually more in the bed of the Cove Creek than any where else. Sometimes we struck a patch of pebbly rocks and whenever we rode

left the river it was to get into a slough & mud. We saw the same animals as usual, chasing about in the mud, pigs little and big, especially three little white children of a black sow playing about like boys with a football. Just wondered about in a business like way on the road and when we headed them off they went in the opposite direction with the same stately air. Guinea hens made the air shudder with their noise and dogs and roosters stood in the road to be chased. An old bearded withered, mail carrier overtook us near the Masonic Hall which is simply a white barn with windows, and showed

no where to turn for help. Then
He just started off in the
right direction at a
fast pace for me for I
soon did to Dismal
like an old acquaintance
on his big pale horse.
He told me about Blowing
Rock which got its name
from a hole in the rocks
from which a draught of
air rushes up so
that if you throw your
hat down it will blow
back to you nine times out
of ten. I think I should
rather it would be Domicile
than that. Harry James
spoke of Blowing Rock in
Washington. He said that
his father was interested
in the land Company there
and owned a small lot
himself. It was not

long after we left the mail carrier that we came around a mountain and saw the Wallowa River below us and across it a house that we took to be Thurston Boards. The ford was shallow and we soon came up to the place a collection of sheds with a good barn and a nice enough old house. I accosted an ancient man who was wandering about and at the first word I found to my despair that he was as deaf as old Peddlet of Norwood. I finally discovered that he was Board Grimsley and that he owned Lake no. 3. We put Mr Loveis side by side in the good box stalls and gave them

a dozen ears of good white corn with his own hands. In the corner we sat before a big fire in the town Sheriffs bedroom and Joe and the old man bellowed at each other like two Bulls of Basan The old Sheriff had a good supper of sausages potatoes hot biscuits and honey that tasted delicious like molasses. He evidently appreciated his blessings for he asked an elaborate grace about table comforts and the sins of the body. After supper the old man told me about Bishop Tuis school at Valle Crucis in the old days when he was a boy. This town was named from a cross made by three rivers meeting at right angles and running off as the Good Lord knows my love to my sister

J. B. Vance's, Plum Tree, North Carolina, Tuesday Feb. 12 1901

The Beard family let us sleep in peace this morning in our deep feather beds. It was rather a wild night for me as my bed and all went sliding off on one side until I thought the whole thing was breaking down. When we got up and let in the light of a fairly clear day we found that our room was made of beautiful red shiny pine boards well fly-specked on the ceiling and decorated on the walls with little round chromos and a lithograph of General Custer. The family seemed to have waited breakfast for us and the old Judge with his John Ruskin Beard said: The same testimonial over his breakfast of sausage, eggs and honey. The fat faced Willy helped us fit the words and at about

nine o'clock we started out with a cold wind behind us along the stony road. Nellie's feather was cut again this morning and Joe cut off very much so as to carry out some new scheme to keep the front of the saddle off her back. We went through the valley where there was no trees or the cross of wood on the hill side. From the valley we began to climb and we went up for mile after mile. Soon we began to see distant mountains behind us with snow-covered mountains wool like fleece against the sky. The roads was steep and hard on the horses. At one place Nellie lay down while Joe was riding her. I expected her to pass away and my

waited for her eyes to close but apparently she was simply tired and did not intend to carry Joe any further. At the top of the hill however Joe got on again and had no more trouble. Down the other side of the mountains we came to a little town of unpainted hotels and a little church in the top of the hills like the engraving in an old Sunday-School Book. This place turned out to be Banners Elk and Joe warmed his feet in a store where I bought some peanuts. The rest of the road to Cranberry was very good. The first part through the mountains being a toll-road with two toll gates where they charged us five cents apiece

most of the way we followed the Banner River and wound along mountain sides. We took lunch at the Mitchell House in Cranberry we would have spent the night except that the place did not seem very clean or comfortable and the woman charged a dollar for a lunch that was none too good. Cranberry is an iron mining town with a narrow guage road running to Johnson City. All about the streets were pieces of burnt ore, blue like turquoise. I didn't know what the different things were for but I saw one brick sort of a kiln kind of a thing shaped like a bee-hive or an esquimaux hut. Dillie back as I wrote this afternoon and about a

mile outside of Cranberry we improvised a crupper by my idea with a handkerchief under Nellie's tail and two straps connecting this loop to the saddle. We folded the blanket so as to fit the tree way of the pillion and tightened up our crupper to hold the saddle back. Our way took us into a valley where an idiot boy in a cutaway coat with a bandana handkerchief under his chin made the air resound with wild gruesome yells horrible in that lonely place. He sat on a log by the road as we passed and yammered to us. I saw that his teeth were worn or rotted down to the roots and Joe said that one of his hands was taken off as if by some disease.

We were bound for Plum Tree where we expected to stay with Mr Burleson. At last at about seven we came to his place way down from the road just where the way came down from a mountain Gap. It was dark when I reached his house. Joe was behind walking Billi who neighed from time to time and Rapidanne answered. Mr Burleson said that he had a boy sick with typhoid fever and that though he would take us he would rather have us go on to Vances. To on to Vance's we came and found his house across a river and protected by a fence. Mr Vance proved to be a very agreeable and cultivated

man for these parts. He is a Store Keeper and is interested in the Mica business here. He says that there are two Mica mines here that would pay well in the hands of a capitalist. There are a dozen mines here two which has brought mica and sends to Syracuse. He once has been to New York several times and knows people from Boston. He talked with us in our downstairs Bedroom before our stove wood fire and showed us samples of mica dust when he sells up north. Like his children attractive looking little boys very pleasant and polite. He seems to have a very large family. I should tell you that he showed one of his boys up north to college.

Wednesday Feb. 13th 1901
Ray's Hotel, Burnsville, Yancey County N.C.

Last night I slept like a log in the feather bed in spite of the fact that Joe was there too and there wasn't any b.p. shut. The morning looked mild and sunny so at eight o'clock I ventured out of my warm nest. Great Jumpy Jacks how cold it was! There was a thin coating of ice on the basin of water which made me absolutely blue with anticipation, but when I dipped my hand into it and the whole basinful turned to slush I was ready to burst into tears. I can tell you I abbreviated my morning bath and got into all my clothes articles and canvas jacket included as quickly as the laws of motion would allow. Soon I would have put on my slicker if it had been within

reach-. Dressed and still cold I worked over the fire and made sallys out into the Yard for chips and kindling. On one of these excursions I met the Son of the house engaged on a similar errand with his poor little unmitted hands purple with cold. When my fire was well established I left the luxurious hospitals & enjoy it and went with the little Lad to feed the Horses. He trudged along in his long trowsers and Pj black cow-boy hat like the man that he surely was. Bless his bright cheerful laughing face! He looked a little like Stanley Woodward of Hazardtown Queen Anns Co Maryland. The Vance family chronometer was an hour slow and so breakfast

supposed to come at eight
but not materialize until nine
making us late about starting.
I delayed the game still more
by visiting the mica room
in Vance Brothers store. Men
were cutting the mica
by a pattern into certain
sizes, and splitting it
up to remove imperfections
and leave it clear. There
was mica about everywhere
and the mud on the way
to the stable was full of it.
When at last I mounted
Rapidanne that stout steed
sank and fell under me.
My arctic caught in the
stirrup as I fell off and
there I lay. Disentangled
I mounted again and
this time we were off.
We passed the mica bearing
rock mica is found

mts flour for use in wall paper
making &c and the like.
The first part of our way
led along the river and
we raced the jams of ice
that floated in the stream.
Somehow after we were
once started the day
seemed fairly warm.
For some time we rode along
with a farmer and then
to our great delight we
left him behind on our
furry steeds. Joe still
sat his saddle for Nellie
kept it off her
withers and the strain
on her tail of our improvised
crupper made that ornament
stand up like a flag post.
After riding along the good
sandy road by the river
and fording it innumerable
we left it at last and

climbed up an immence
mountain and down the
other side where we met
the river again. This time
we crossed it on a bridge
and soon found ourselves
in Spruce Pine Though we
should not have
suspected it to from its
old as it consists solely
of a store and a log house
like the Swiss Family
Robinsons. This same log
house the abode of a
man named English
turned out to be the
abode of comfort. We waited
for dinner in a clean
sitting room - Ornamented
with an engraving of
the Baby Stuart and a
funeral testimonial framed
with black bands and
mourning doves. The wall

paper reminded me of one in Hanover. On a table was a bunch of Easter lilies, the kind that are shipped to Northern florists for. Vases lying up Bunches of violets, and on a window was a Japanese lily. Our dinner of fried pork and all that was served in another room the one papered with newspapers and heated from a large stone fireplace. A black mohair sacked Mr Roland had been in the sitting room with us and he offered to wait and ride with us to Burnsville where he lived so after dinner we all started out together Mr Roland rode a fine black

saddler. He was dressed in a long black coat and a big black slouch hat. There was something suspicious about the man. He said that he carried a stick because his business required that he should be able to slip through the woods without being seen. At this I asked him what he was anyway. A Revenue Officer he said. I slowed up and told Joe and we both had visions of being set on by moon-shiners and being killed along with him. I remembered that my pistol was at the bottom of one of my saddle bags. When I took heart to talk to Mr Roland again he told me

a lot that was interesting about whiskey especially blockade whiskey as illicit liquor is called. Three times on the road he produced a quart bottle of white liquid pure corn whiskey fresh from the worm and of this he insisted we should drink. It was soft and grateful but injured by rock candy which he had dropped in. All whiskey when fresh is white he said. It grows dark naturally from standing a long time in wood. Unnaturally it is dyed to give the appearance of age. Fusil oil is a natural constituent of whiskey and it is removed by a rectifying process when

The mountaineers do not bother about. If left in it does no harm in small quantities but a large amount of unrectified whiskey would make a man deadly ill. As the time we were talking we were making wonderful time through the mountains to Burnsville on a hill. Joe Capps behind on his Grumpler-ridden nag. We reached Ray Holt's supper bed-time, and I worked over Rapidan's back when he called, with salt water before I came in. Mr Ray is a funny old codger with teeth like Papa's miles apart and crooked, but on his upper jaw almost all are gone. He is a shrewd well read & well travelled old fellow. Rich too they say.

we talking with him down
in the Townsends bedroom
until about nine about
the prospect of turning
all this Country into
a government park
and the price he would
get for his land. He
said that the Cranberry
iron ore made the hardest
best iron in the world.
This town is 2802 feet above
the sea. Bowlers Pyramid
which we saw on our way
here is 6000 odd and
Mount Mitchell a peak
of the same Black Mountains
is over 7000 the highest
point East of the Rockies.
I am writing in our bedroom
with a big fire sizzling. Above
the mantel are three pictured beauties
from whom you are to chose.
We have two beds, feathers with sheets

Thursday February 14th
Mr Smiths, Eleven miles outside of Asheville N.C.

Old man Ray showed us his museum in the cold before we started this morning. It has a separate building filled with Indian relics bowls, pots and arrow heads, prehistoric pipes, and minerals of all sorts for which he got a medal and a diploma at the Fair at Chicago. Beryls, Amethist, Tourmaline, and then in big shots and one block that was in the shape of an isosceles pyramid. It was ten when we left the fierce old performing bear and started off on a road of frozen mud the roughest and worst I have ever travelled. Riding was agony for man and beast. As we rode we got out of the mountains into more

rolling country. We did not see many orchards though this is a great apple country and Dr Ray got awards for fruit at the Paris Exposition. It seems that they iron the fruit trees on the mountains where the trees are kept back until the danger of frost is over. Joe kept riding off to adjust his saddle. Nellie's back is very sore and the lumps on her withers is almost as big as ever. Joe had to give up the crupper because Nellie's tail was all raw. She tried a girth by her back leg but she bucked her load off. We took lunch at a little place called Ivry sur a river where we got corn when we let the

horses & boxes, and 2 hours
when they fed us in a back
room adorned with pictures
of prolific tomato vines. We
spent most of the time playing
with a shaggy sharp toothed
puppy named Page, who divided
his attentions between us and
the big black pigs that
wandered about. In the
afternoon we began to
see the Black Mountains
which we had left rising
in the distance and then
more high blue mountains
to the South and West
ahead. We travelled
along ridges with a
battalion of distant mountains
all around. The sun went
down in a red sky
and the outline of the
mountains stood in violet

valley. The country near the red clay road was all open and cultivated and the near hills were only sparsely wooded with fir trees. The evening air was soft and mild. I have never known a more perfect twilight hour. We stopped at about half past six with a plain man named Keith. Before supper we talked to his boys in their upper bed room while they span tanners made of spools or thaven tobacco bark and spat into the fire. Homer the eldest was a very important man of fourteen or 20, then came Guy a fine fellow good looking bright and pleasant Thurman and Cousin Jay were little scamps. After supper Uncle Tom told us how he made money during the Thurman days. Cotton

talker. Tim boy one by one took off the boots trousers and stockings jumping into bed in whatever was left. Mr Keith showed Joe and me our room which is even less finished than the rest of the house having no door or fourth stone. The whole house is finished inside with wood materials pine and all air is very new. Mr Keith stood with a lantern while Joe undressed and then I got out a piece of candle from my saddle bag. There is no coach stand in the room and Joe and I are sleeping together in a bed with no bed sheet. I am writing by the light of the candle as Mr Ward stood as I lie in bed. Joe is asleep inside. He is a good fellow in spite of all I have said.

Friday, February 15th 1901
Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, N.C.

The oldest son Homer came into our room about sunrise this morning with a lantern and we tumbled out of bed without washing. That ceremony was performed out on the front piazza in a tin basin. This over we went in to breakfast of pork sauce biscuits apple butter and the like. The drunken neighbour who fell off his horse in front of the house last night and was taken in and cared for, appeared rather bleary eyed at the table. He was a big mean looking fellow only his sleeves were too short for him. They talked at breakfast of the sons

men two blacks and two whites who broke into a post office near here. The young clerk a little fellow named Alexander was forced to open the safe at the point of a pistol. Two of the men guarded outside. As one of the others was ransacking the safe he laid his revolver on the top and quick as a cat Alexander grabbed it shot one man and turned on the other. The revolver snapped three times without going off and that gave the man a chance to shoot back. Alexander was wounded in the bowels and the two robbers were injured. All the thieves were caught

and they are now in jail at Asheville. Alexander is critically ill. He was to have been married day before yesterday and when he took sick the girl came and married him at his bedside and has been with him ever since. The men at the breakfast table said that there was a crowd out for the Chinese and they seemed willing to lend a hand in the lynching. When the horses were brought out, Uncle Tom wanted to open the lump on Rillie's withers. I was against it but there is no use attempting to advise for one who wants and looks to have it done.

to Tom pulled out his knife and made the poor beast jump about while he tried to press the dull thing into her sore back; a little blood trickled out and then they put the saddle on and we started out. The road & hard red clay was fine all the way. We passed a cavalcade of Lumber-waggons as we drew near to Asheville. We went through Weaverville a little hamlet just after we started. From there then are Blue mountains with the peaks overlapping side by side, like the peaks on a Mexican Corn. It was good to breathe civilization again, to see

Street Cars and by
Building. At the Battery
Park Hotel we found
our trunks. We have
two Cellar rooms on the
Ground Floor with a
Bath Between. I had
a Bath and dressed in
my good suit for Lunch.
In the afternoon I read
letters. I had letters
from, Aunt Anna, Mamma,
Jamie, Paul, Frederic, Rita,
Arthur, Ellen Bellows, Charley
King, and Charley Butler.
I certainly did enjoy
reading them. Ellen said
that she had written to
me at Lompoc. She
Don't Knows what
happened to the letter.
At Dinner Aunt has to
pay nearly four dollars

and I received a Valentine
representing a heart
which opened showing a
Cupid. It was very sweet
and on the back was
written. "Lenox Feb. 14th,
My heart is broke, for
Constant is gone, In Lenox all
is most forlone." I am
pretty sure that the hand
writing was Mary Batchelders
and I know I told her a
little about my romance
when we went to walk
that Sunday. On the
strength of my supposition
I wrote back "Dear
Unsigned Valentine." With
make believes I can't be tricked,
I know true Cupids hearts.
And you will have your
fingers pricked, For playing
with his darts." I also
sent a Letter to Aunt Kate

on Rita's advice, and
wrote sort of bread
and butter letters to
Mr Boykin, Mrs
Wyndham Robertson,
Miss Kathleen White
Posy, and Jeanne Feiz
sending Mr Last Thru
my address in Cambridge.
I answered Charley
King's letter at great length.
The poor boy has been
ill and in fact at
the top he says that he
is down sick again.
He is afraid that his
family are going to
send him abroad.
It will be fun for Jamie
if they do go to Europe
but Charley does not
want to go a bit. Charley
seems really fond of me

I wish he had a pleasanter temper but in the main we get on very well together Rather better than I expected I do in some ways because he and I were congenial in many things and for and I are hardly congenial at all. Still for and I are nearer an age and so we have rather better times together, but I must say for tactlessness for the limit. All this letter writing has taken up most of the afternoon and evening. Late tonight Dr. Battle came and sat with a pointed beard and a soft voice that spoke to me. He is a fine man. I was mightily taken with him.

Battery Park Hotel Asheville North Carolina. Friday February 16th 1901

Why we do not hear from Mrs Lovering I cannot understand. Both Joe and I have sent her our address repeatedly and she has had almost three weeks to write in. Now we do not know what to do. Our stock of money is growing low. We would like to stay a while in Asheville but we are not sure that Mrs Lovering wants us to. We do not know whether to stay here or go to a less expensive place. In the meantime here we are. I spent what time was not this morning after our ten o'clock breakfast in writing a long letter to Papa telling of Dr. Battle's kindness and everything else I also wrote to Grandmother Barrett and to Ethel Bryant

I wrote to Papa sitting out on the piazza in the warm sunlight. It has been a glorious day warm with just a pleasant freshness in the air. Joe and I have been devoted to each other all day. He is a mighty good fellow and of his tactlessness which is absolute and my sensitiveness which is acute did not run against each other continually we would be dear friends. I know that he never means any harm - and I am scarcely ever really offended. But I grow tired and bored and weary of his lack of delicacy and his commonplaceness. I think

that he is improving. He does not swear so ridiculously and he has some idea of a good time besides "sitting stinking tight." He and I drove out to Biltmore this afternoon with a rubber-tired runabout and a fast little mare. The place is endless, winding asphalt roads, pine woods - low rolling hills. The house is stately and beautiful, but it is a little too perfect, clean and shiny. I should prefer a rougher finish - for an exterior. The smooth white stone and carving makes it necessary to have everything about the place a pattern

of neatness. The mansion is a huge structure altogether too big for any kind of comfort. The grounds are very attractive because in the main they are left in a state of nature. The Vanderbilt has made some ponds, brids and water falls and not all with great success but most of the miles of his great estate are the way the Lord made them. I cant say I altogether like the step gables of his roofs or the iron fences that adorn the ridge poles but that may be because I am not educated to the art of Mr Richard Hunt. Coming home we stopped at the big Kenilworth Inn

There were no people from Boston and only a few any way in spite of its being a large and attractive place. Next we drove to Mrs Martins a place that Dr Battle had told me about. It was a little shabby outside but very pleasant within. A Rev Mr Nash was there with his son from Boston I think that he must be the Cambridge professor and the father of the funny little old fashioned red-headed girls. A Harvard student named Stanley Wood was also there to the maid said. I saw a big attractive room which we probably could have. There were a

number of babies and
children about and I
am afraid that we
might find them a
nuisance. Dr Bullis
told me about the manor
too so we hunted for
that - We had a
hard work but for
wanted to give it up
and go home but I
insisted on finding
it and when we
succeeded it proved
most delightful.
It is a new and
pleasant house furnished
with really aesthetic taste
a number of cottages are
on the same grounds. We
saw two rooms adjoining
with a South West
exposure and a fine
view of the mountains

The golf links are near by. Joe was delighted with the place and so was I. The price was thirty three dollars a week for the two of us. We liked it so well that on the advice of Dr Battle I telephoned to Mrs Morton this night that we should not come there. We shall probably move to the Manor on Monday. I could be happy there for there are some mighty nice people there if we only knew them. A tall yellow haired Miss Wheeler of Philadelphia is there. She talked to me all the evening as Joe and I sat listening to the music. She looks like Beyer and Mr Cito. I have been thinking of my love tonight. God bless this Flower

Sunday February 17th 1901

Battery Park Hotel, Asheville N.C.

This morning I followed the lead of the fellow named Miss Wheeler who walked to church in a violet suit with her friend Miss Coxe. The church is called Trinity and there is one window by it for Stella Barrett I think that would be beautiful if the figure represented were better proportioned but the head is entirely too small and the soft dull colors and graceful lines cannot save it. After I reached home I wrote letters to Mr Stanbert, Mrs Lodge and Cousin Joyce. I asked Cousin Joyce what the thought of my

given up architecture and going right to work on some magazine or in a publishing house and trying to get myself for a literary career. I should always be happy in architecture but I have not the money for my education and I could live on Mrs Reed. Besides I am pretty old to be beginning such a long course of training. I have not decided yet but I want to start in my life work and I want a home of my own. Joe and I make a pretty happy little family here. We know nobody and so we

depend entirely on each other and the result is that we have a fine time and grow fonder of each other every minute. I suppose when we know people we will begin again to put on airs and not be disagreeable before our friends. I suppose that is to natural. In the meantime we had a very jovial time talking this afternoon as I worked altering the Indian Jacket that Macullar & Parker failed to make according to my ideas. That took up all the afternoon until dinner time. Our funny little waiter ironed his Japanese gown again when I ordered tea

and smile - to say
my dinner. They
have might good
food here. It is the
best table d'hote that
I have ever had.
All the Evening I sat
I have been writing in
the music room with
the orchestra discoursing
"a heart bowed down with
grief and woe". The
Wallers and Cox's encamped
close to me and I listened to
their sighs and deep drawls
for a while and then moved
to a better light. I should
like to meet them at some
time. We may leave to morrow
and go to the Manor. I
shall not be sorry to leave
this hot place. All the rooms
here are
Convents. Situated on the
ground floor. Quite necessary

Monday February 18th.

Chez
M. Emile Frisard, Morganton, N.C.

Last night we decided that if the Game Laws were not in force, we would go over to Morganton and stay with the Frenchman whom Arthur wrote me about, and if no shooting were allowed that we would move to the Manor. Arthur had written that this M. Frisard was according to Russel Perkins a most charming man and the possessor of fine hunting dogs. After breakfast Joe bought a Sunday Journal and we thought it over. In the meantime we read a item that Miss Louise Forakers engagement was to be announced to-day.

Joe was anxious to look about and postpone deciding. I looked up a time table and found that a train left at two thirty for Morgantown. I asked about shooting and the fellow that read monologues over stable man told me that he had a brother who was a doctor who knew all about the game laws. So down to the doctors we went. We found him over Sears drug store. He said that another brother also a doctor who was out west was an expert bird hunter. But that he was sure that hunting was still allowed in Morgantown. Then we began to get ready in earnest. I packed my trunk & bag and my suit case &

take with me. We had a hasty lunch put up and dashed away in a baroche. We got 100 Smokeless Cartridges and hurried on to the station. Far away from the hotel and 500 feet below it. We arrived in good time and soon we were speeding our through the mountains We went through Gray a dozen tunnels and zigzagged down a mountain side making seventeen turns back and forth In one of these turns we could see the track directly below us a hundred feet or more. It was just a short trip to Morgantown and before we reached it we were in a bus driving through the scattered

were immense buildings which turned out to be State Institutions Hospitals and asylums. The town itself was a mixture of old and new with a battered Stucco Court-house and electric lights. All the buildings were far apart so that the town covers a great deal of space. The country is fairly level right here with the mountains very far away in a broken outline against the sky. We drove past all the other town houses and then to our astonishment stopped before a fine looking modern residence. I got out and spoke to the driver and smiling

Frenchman in the square beard and Corduroy Waistcoat. We spoke with an accent and said "Oh if you have only Let us to know!" I told him that I was a friend of Russel Perkins and then he said that he would have to take us in anyhow and do what he could for us. When we went in we found his house most attractively furnished like a city home. We waited in the dining room while he and his smiling genial wife prepared our room which turned out to be a marvel of neatness and taste with snow linen and pretty curtains. At supper the first born a young man of twenty

with gold spectacles and
the air of a student and
dressed for a party.
Ate rabbit and
lettuce salad not wisely
but too well. In the
evening we sat around
the dining room table
listening to stories of
hunting and the
wonderful bird-dog Pat
who would range out of
sight, then come back when
whistled for and as soon
as seen would wag his
tail and go back to his covey.
After a while Mrs
Hazard brought out
the cards and chips and
we played Poker. I don't
know whether it was for
money or not but by the last
convulsion jack pot I won
$3.16. For lost about $1.50

Tuesday February 19th 1901

Chez M. Emile Friard, Mayaguez, P.R.

For ant I had a Special breakfast after the family's at about eight o'clock and as soon as we had finished Mr Friard came in and told us that all was ready for starting. We piled into the old wagon drawn by the good horses Tony and Maud and away we went over the hard clay roads. The air was very cool and we were mighty chilly when we reached Mr McNally's where we left the Ram. There we took our guns and cartridges and Mr Friard took the linen in the back of his coat and we started out on foot.

brought with us. Stella
the yellow pointer bitch
and Bob the plum
colored pointer dog, ranged
far over the stubble
fields and soon
Stella pointed hay crouching
Bob backed her up
erect with a nervous
crook in his tail. We
three advanced from
behind the dogs. Step by
step we came up until
we reached a little
distance when whirr!
My gun went off three
somehow somewhere.
Joe shot too and so did
Mr Freiard. Two birds
fell. Mr Freiard shot
one and Joe thought
that he shot the other.
We wandered about all

the morning flushing coveys and following them up singly in the woods where they had flown. Mr Freiard surely got most and he and I generally cleared misses. Often however Mr Freiard missed easy shots and sometimes he could not tell who got the bird. Once in the woods a quail lit in a tree high up. I saw it through the tangled branches and so did Mr Freiard. He wanted to shoot but he let me. I took a fairly careful aim and thanks my good stars I did not deprive myself the quail fell as if it had been shot. And Freiard relieved it. Another

a Ringa bird flew
and both Mr Freard
and I shot at almost
the same moment:
the bird fell and both
he and I thought it
was my shot that killed
it but we could not
tell. Dick Stella and
Boo pointed not far
apart directly at each
other. We had passed
Stella who was dead
and were right on the
bird when it rose. All
three of us shot and
the bird flew away
uninjured. We took
lunch of boiled eggs and
sandwiches by a little
spring. Mr Freard
frequently resorted to
a flask but I fought

called for a Dr. I
dislike Corn whiskey
now that I know how
much fusil oil is in it.
I had two bad bilious
attacks at first about
the time. I drank Corn
whiskey and I am
afraid of the stuff. The
afternoon went on
like the morning. Bob
disgraced himself
by flushing a covey.
What Stella was saying
and dear Little me
pursued made the air
horrible with his curses
and lamentations. He
called Bob everything
under the sun. He
said that he was a
son of a bitch which
was probably true as far
as it went and he

dog to whisper.
We walked miles and
miles until I thought
I could not move
again. I can tell you
I was glad to walk home
again. It was bitterly
cold coming home
just as the sun was
setting in banks of
dark clouds that is
touched up with borders
of gold. The mountains
were glorious dark blue
against the sky. I love
these old distant
mountains especially
Table mountain with
its abrupt drop on
one side, and the great
Colossal "Grandfather"
The youngest Blome Emily
appeared to enjoy the

big and goodlyest. It
disappeared after supper
when we enjoyed some
of our guests good but
too grim and stern.
Stephen Mc Oliver son
played Poker with us
Wright and Lost. I
lost too but only ninety
cents leaving me about
two dollars and a quarter
to my good. Joe lost
a dollar and a half again.
He knows nothing about
the game but he
Continually called me
down in the stupidest
and freshest way. He
always does that over
& over before people and
that's why we never
get along well except when
we are alone. But he is a
good fellow when he's asleep
as he is now. God bless my boys tonight

Today began cold with
snow on the Grandfather
mountain but we hoped
that it might grow warmer
and started out shooting
We went two miles beyond
McDaniels and left the
horses with an Italian
named Belmar or something
like that. He wore a
shaggy beard, that old
Italian, but he was very
pleasant and talked French
to Mr Frisard. His wife
was a pretty little woman
with a handkerchief tied over
the back of her head
and under her chin.
The Italians told us of
several places to hunt
and off we started. My
fingers were numb
with the cold and

the first cows I ever before
I cowed more than. During
the whole morning we
hardly saw a bird
and though it was warm
enough in the middle of
the day I did not shoot
at all. We came back
to Belmar's for the dinner
that Mrs Freiard had
put up for us. The little
sweet faced Italienne
added claret of her own
making and Ramsay
when I drank and
ate so hearty and
then sat behind the stove
and on front of the fire. I
stooped and sat in the very
chimney corner to see if
I could do it. The fire
place was very big and
the fire very small so it
was easy. In the

the shooting and at last in a little oval patch of brown. Day June the speckled straw-colored pointer got a shot for us. For once I took the shot so quickly and the cove got away. We had three days in the afternoon, Nance, Bob and Dick a black and white pointer. We took in the morning Dick and a little bluer and white setter Milton. It was wildly cold driving home and I have not been warm since. We played poker in the evening but I discovered that we were not playing for money so it became less important.

Mr Friards Morganton, N.C. February 21 1901

It was wildly cold this morning but Mr Friard took it for granted that we wanted to go shooting and before we knew it we were off on foot with Mrs dog, Bob, Dick, and Stella. The weather stayed cold all the morning and we found no quail except one covey that we routed out of their warm resting place in a ditch. I missed my shot at them but Mr Friard got one so we felt that we had accomplished something when we sat down to lunch. Our dining room was close to a little spring where a gourd hung on a branch for people to drink. There are such springs all through this

or three paths leading to them. People seem to carry all the water they use, and let their stock drink at the nearest brook. I drank from the gourd cup and traded my jug, up with a little boy from my track. Over the coals of a little fire I toasted my sandwiches and I thought of Charley King and the all day picnics that we used to have. God bless and keep the boy. I believe I shall always have a tender place in my heart for him. He was selfish and sometimes bad-tempered but he was grateful and affectionate one and he loved me faithfully through thick and thin. I never really gave him

The Great Mat was all mine.
There are many, yes most
who never know gratitude.
Heaven be kind to those
who are grateful and make
me one! We had a jolly
festival noon rest today
Around the little smoking fire.
Mr. Freund lay on a flat board
and slept after lunch, and
when we started he told
us some of the fiercest
stories I have ever heard.
He told us about the drunken
man who was turned out
of his bed by the man who
got to the hotel first, and
what the drunken man
found the next morning
and then he told about
the man behind the bars
who would have given a
thousand dollars for
something of no account

Southern plants in the last
few days. Cotton growing
rather poorly. Cusko and
four bunches of Cotton and
a seed in each bunch.
Then by the rivers something
like Bamboo that the
Indians called Cane. It has
leaves a little like Willow
growing from the side. We
came yesterday on a
little stone oven with the
top open for a long jar.
to boil Molasses in. A little
later we came on the stubble
of some sugar cane. This
afternoon it grew milder
and we saw five Coveys. In one
I picked my bird, took my time
and killed him finely. It
was good to see him tumble.
We came to a high foot
bridge over a creek and

Mr Prisard entirely lost his nerve and could not cross it. The log was very high and long, about 40 feet off the water, only five feet long and not more than a foot wide, with a broken railing part way. No one can never cross such thing. He tried to get over this. He climbed up on it, and each time he rolled back trembling and we had to help him down. I laughed till I ached, it was so funny. At last we gave it up and a mile above we and I rolled up our trousers and forded it barefoot. Then I came back and carried Mr Prisard over. I can tell you my feet tingled. We were mighty glad when we reached home with seven birds. My feet ached and I walked with a corn-stalk cane. This evening we played poker. After Mr Prisard left for Mexico

Lord I am cross tonight! It is a frightful thing to be ugly and spiteful without being able to help it. Joe is a purely nice sort of a fellow I dare say but he certainly rubs me the wrong way by his interminable contradictions and corrections generally all wrong. Positively I would rather keep quiet than speak to him - for I will not take the puppy's impertinence and so talking becomes degrabbling. Well that's what comes of living with a Sophomore. I have had a vile day. Joe and I went shooting with the little black and white setter Melon. She was hard to manage. We saw hardly any birds and the day was

cold and windy. We went
over the bridge that the
Indians talked at
yesterday and then Joe
went apart to shoot crows
I could not find him when
I wanted Joe him and so
Miles and I came home
alone. Tomorrow the
Indians, who had to be
away today on law business
will be with us and we
may have better luck.
Today it was nothing. I
shoot too quickly. There is
one after the birds. one to
take careful aim on a
single bird. I stop at
the sound before they are
ten feet away. Tonight we
played poker. Joe and Emile
played the old game and
got hopelessly bitten. I played
conservatively and came out even

after our game of cards Our
Now I have just remembered
that it was exactly one year
ago that I met Miss Middleton
Stokes and I am happy
as the sun shine again. All
through this year the memory
and the thought of her has
brightened my days. Six times
I have seen her: At the
Copley Hall a year ago tonight
when she was dressed in
white with a wreath of daisies
in her black hair; at
Mrs Bullers Lunch Last
Easter time when I ran
after her to walk home
with her in the rain;
At Church in Lenox last
fall when Miss Louise
Forster was with her
and she broke my heart
by going out early; at
Mrs Fathers beautiful Lenox

home when I walked back
to Cousin Georgie's with a
happy heart; in New York
last December when I
found her in at last
and she made me for-
me sitting in that fascinating
blue velvet hat, light
blue velvet about her
black hair; and the
last time I saw her was
the next day at Church.
She wore dull roses in her
hat and I walked home
with her while sweet
Cousin Georgie watched us
from the corner. Oh how
I vowed work to make her
happy and how I will
work to be half worth her.
I must be sweeter in my
disposition. I must bear with
Joe. He is at a trying age but he is
a good fellow. May God bless my heart's
darling to-night and always.

Today began cold, dark and
cheerless but we started out
in the wagon for the McNally
circuit that we went on
last Tuesday. Emile went
with us and took care
of the horses. Mr Frisbee
Joe and I with the dog
Stella, Bob, and Dick
hunted in the light falling
snow-flakes with freezing
hands and faces. We
passed a little hut
where a man who owned
a gold mine had his shop
of every kind of tools. He
showed us some dingy
little folded papers with yellow
specks the result of several
days washing and worth
perhaps fifty cents. His eyes
sparkled and he plainly
believed that his fortune

was gloriously made. I had my eye open for yellow specks in the sand after that for. The Friend said that there was gold everywhere along these North Carolina Creeks.
We took lunch by a little sluice of gravel on the side of a little stream. I sat on a big pine trotter that I brought from the woods and toasted my sandwiches and cookies on a laurel stick. After lunch I said I liked the cold fever and I dug in the cold water for nuggets but before long I said I had the cold chill and I gave it up. In the afternoon the snowflakes which had made no impression on the ground stopped and the

and delicious. The quail came out too and Joe and Mr Freund got three or four birds apiece. Somehow I had hardly any chances. I shot only twice and hit nothing. It was cold again when we drove home over the hills and hollows of the hard clay road. After supper as usual we played poker and I lost heavily but kept my temper fairly well. I am happier with Joe out of the way and when he went to bed we had a jolly time. Jane the cook, and she is a colored case, came in and Mr Freund told about a Christmas celebration, how they all got tight and what she did in the preachers bed. Jane denied it all but I guess it was the truth

All this morning we sat in the Friends dining room and drinking the cocktails that Mrs Fissant mixed. Some of them were pretty stiff but we could not figure and at our eleven o'clock dinner Courtney required us to drink all the Claret that Mrs Fissant could pour into our glasses. When it was all over and we were ready to leave Miss Channing Tonks Joe and I were barely able to sign our names to the checks in payment. Mrs Fissant saw us off standing on the porch with her gray hair, black eyes and foreign mouth, smiling a motherly good by. Stephen sat on the back

with the Fusard waiting
him manage the horses
that he drove Miss Abbeat
Maud + Fanchette on the
outsides and Tony furious
with his ears glued back
between. Mr Fusard
drove us through the fine
Insane Asylum grounds
and back to the station just
in time to catch the train.
We wound up the mountain
as we came down. But
with two engines to pull us
up. We went through the
tunnels and defiles until
we came out in the high
country around Asheville.
We passed through the neat
model little Spanish town
of Biltmore and then went
on to Asheville where we
came up to the good old

Bailey, Park in a special
electric car. I found
letters waiting for me
from Mamma, Aunt Kate,
Grandmother Barrett, Mrs
Lovering, Aunt Mary Cooke,
Arthur, Charley King, Mrs
Lodge, and a check for
five hundred from Mr
Lovering. I am very
much alarmed about
Charley King. He writes that
a long cold has brought
back his heart trouble.
Heaven keep the child!
He is being taken care of by
a trained nurse and is
strictly allowed to do anything
I shall write at once to him
and to his family. Joe
seems to have a little cold to-
night which is probably
nothing. The trouble with him is that
he never says pleasant complimentary
things. Says all the unpleasant things of life!

absolutely happy without them. Still he often is not at all disagreeable and at such times of passive congeniality we have good times together. Anyway I am seeing a great many beautiful things and enjoying endless new experiences and for that I should be thanking G-d always and be thankful that he was no worse however bad. Really he is not bad at all but a very good fellow a bit material, undemonstrative and with no sentiment or imagination. I cut off my moustache to wear after keeping it on all through the hunts of Abingdon. It was so thin and ragged and not light enough in color. It was uncomfortable too. I am glad it is gone

Battery Park Hotel Asheville N.C.
Monday February 25th 1901

The account of to day must be short for now at midnight as I sit in my big room with the sloping ceiling and hear the steam pipes snoring in your room, I am tired enough. I have spent the evening writing letters; to Aunt Caroline Asbury for her Saddle, Charley Butler, Ellen Billows, Arthur, Ma, Miss Curtis, and Mrs Goodloe to tell her how sorry I was to hear from Charley Kirg that her heart trouble had returned May the Lord restore him to health and strength. I wrote a pretty letter to Mrs Goodloe saying that I sent Jamie to her as an

It old days boys were sent to the princesses to learn as pages the graces of chivalry. I like proud dominering Empress Eugenie She is what she is and she can be relied on as the eternal rocks. I think that strong independent characters are always in some way splendid, and Mrs Goodlive is one of them. Well Joe and I have had a pretty good day of riding. We took a ride this morning in our old clothes and again this afternoon. I used an English saddle and felt cool. Rapidan trotted like a record breaker and Nellie galloping did not keep up. I met the tall Diana like Miss Batte this morning. Joe said good mornings as he went by. Little Mary like Mat Spear.

a little boarding house above a store

Hendersonville, N.C. February 26th 1901

Tuesday — We got up pretty early, packed for Camden, settled up with the hotel and before ten rode out of town on our way to Hendersonville. The roads were dusty but very good and we arrived at Fletchers in good season for dinner which was served for us at Dr. Fletchers in a back room with a mantel ornamented with Bohemian glass carafes. In the front room where we sat after lunch reading the Boston Sunday Herald which Shaw brought

There was an awful looking fat dirty old man who sat on a stump & lapped in a shade, while a man washed him and did all sorts of things for him. The poor old fellow could not hold his head up. I believe he was in the last stage of Bright's disease! In the afternoon we continued following the telegraph wires near the R.R. track, when every now and then we crossed or saw. We went through one low swamp, place on a plank road. It must be a strange gloomy place when the

dense foliage to our
right side of the road.
This place Henderson ville
is a pretty prosperous
looking little place
with long blocks of
stores, some good hotels,
and a little church
or two. We are staying
at a boarding house
kept by the mother of
one of the men at the
livery stable. We have
the front room, with
white walls decorated
with ghastly tinted crayon
of the members of the
proprietors family. There
is one tall dark haired
girl with a pale upturned
face who brought us
water and sat at supper
with us. She was dressed
in black and seemed

was one mint old silver
spoon in the jelly tumbler
on the table! Perhaps they
are an old family, she
looks like the daughter of
Carlo. This evening
Joe and I talked as I
wrote a long letter to
Jamie about Aunt
Caroline among other
things. I told him I
wish he could come over to see
her continually giving
up college duties and
pleasures for her sake,
how I had shopped,
cooked, planned dresses
and hats for her, and
rubbed the head by
the stove to make the
hair grow. all this I
did because I like
her and was sorry

for her. She [illegible] has done no kindness to me. She has abused and insulted me and my family, especially Mamma to my face, and she has robbed us all of our lunches. It is true that she is an invalid but that cannot excuse everything and, considering all things, I think she is a bad lot. As Joe and I talked I also wrote to his mother. They were playing soft minor pieces with fiddle and guitar in the next room and when they finished Joe played very prettily on the piano there. After he had gone to bed I wrote a letter to Aunt

Hospital has burned
down, and there is
trouble about the insurance
Barrett has not taken
my place with Aunt
Mary but has accepted
a professorship in Dana
Chambers, and Oliver
Huntington's one eye
concludes to join Lucia,
altogether Aunt Mary
has a good many things
to be worried and annoyed
about. This afternoon I
tried to hold my head up
sitting and I fancied that
I looked like Apollo but
Dwight Joe told me that I
looked very old and
uncomfortable and turned
forward. I believe
that he is dead right
and it is a good joke

on me with my studies.
Joe is a good lad, I
always knew that he
had not such a
swelled head and
that he were more
thoughtful and polite,
but his conceit will
pass over, and he means
no harm by his rudeness.
His mother and little
brother are to meet us in
Camden. I heard from
Cousin Joseph this morning
She replied by quote, the
proverb of pulling one's
hand back from plow and
turning back. I think
that I shall adopt this
course. I shall spend
all my spare time between
now and next fall looking
quietly for a location, and
trying to write. If I

shall follow it up. If I do not I shall return to Jan and architecture when I love and luck to it even if I grow gray before I get finished. But it is short to deliberately take a course which makes marriage an impossibility for eight years. I hate to wait so long for my love. Cousin George made me sorry by telling of Mr Williams death on December 26th. Mrs Williams has sold her house and is living quietly at the Park Avenue Hotel keeping all invitations and very much reduced in means. The purchaser of her house was Mrs Maryland Hurt Barney.

Wednesday Feb 27th 1901

Suddick's Boarding House, Inman, S.C.

We bade good-bye to the old goalded "grandfather" from Middleboro, Mass, to the Landlady of our boarding house, the Oster, and to the pretty dark haired pale daughter in law, and at about nine o'clock we left Hendersonville bound for the Hoowaydo Gap road. We decided to get as near Spartanburg as we could and stop when night came on. The roads were fine but when we reached the low mountains we found that deep valleys ran way down between them, so that there were long steep hills for us to go down and climb. Higher among

up with an old man
with a bandana hand-
kerchief over his ears.
He said that he was
walking because it was
too cold to ride. Really
it was only about
freezing with a slight
overcast sun. But
it was a little chilly
and I've got off and
walked, but I just
wiggled mine, and
rode along with the old
man talking to him.
He was a civil war
veteran and he told
how he had never been
a believer in slavery
or secession. But had
been forced to enlist
along with many others
like him. He said that
North Carolina really

to remain in the Union.
Such Soldiers as he
must have discouraged
their Commanders. He
said that a Hundred of
them deserted in one day
right under the Officer's
nose. He timidly vowed
that he would never
shoot to kill a man.
And he succeeded in
keeping out of every battle
All the time he was
longing to surrender
and at last in Cumberland
Gap his chance came
and he was sent to
Fort Douglas, where he
was a prisoner for
eighteen months. The old
Scoundrel said that he
did not enjoy the
imprisonment as much

For the first nine months rations were plenty but the weather was cold. Then the Northerners began to retaliate on the Southerners for their prison outrages, and so the people in Fort Douglas got pretty hungry. The Methodist fellow said he was very sorry as the retaliation should have been made on the officers not on the privates who had been compelled to enlist. At last we reached a level place at the top of a hill and after we had given the gray soldier a good drink of whiskey we spurred on and left him. These spurs are

totally changed and
now always keeps ahead
trotting with her head in
the air. When we came
to the final mountain
and wound down the
long side we saw low
level country, wooded
and open stretching out
to the horizon, through the
smoke of a forest fire.
Down in mid plain the
roads of red clay or
sandy soil were level
and hard and we
made splendid time.
The sun had come out
and the day was
delightfully warm. At
the first substantial town
we asked for dinner
and were taken in
by an old man tall and

like that of Jupiter Olympus
He seemed to regard us
as some new and
fascinating species. He
asked us questions to
decide a dispute which
he had had while we
were at lunch with
his daughter. He wanted
to know what relation
we were. He thought we
were cousins but his
son thought we were
brothers because the
backs of our necks were
not alike. Joe and I
laughed at this because
it was simply the result
of each having his
hair cut at the same
time by the same barber.
His daughter told us
about the dark corner
the worst blockade whisky

only about three miles
away. The said that
strangers entering that
county were either killed
or Emolled out right
quick. The old father
was very appreciative
of our remarks
Laughing vociferously
at everything we
said. He thought I
must weigh two hundred
pounds and was sure I
had never had a sick
day in my life. He
admired our teeth and
wagered we had not
a hollow tooth in our
heads. I kept my
mouth shut after
that. He told us that
we had come twenty two
miles from Hendersonville

eyes on to Spartanburg.
We said goodbye to Edwin
and his pretty daughter
in law who looked a
little like Nelly Stover.
They both urged us to come
again. The place was
called Tryon and there
were two hotels there
one right on a mountain
the other in the valley
both kept by the same
man, a northerner.
A little distance away
was a placed called
Tryon, (They called it
Trown-) which was
practically settled
by northerners. We did
not go to Tryon but
when we got our
horses from the barn
down in the valley from
the house we returned

some well dressed fellows
and girls in red [illegible]
wheels were about the
hotel as we passed.
We soon shall have all
we want of that sort of
thing in Camden. Just
out of Lynn we crossed
a long [illegible], straight &
a mile down a stream.
On the banks the leaves
of the shrubs were coming
out and I picked a
sprig of tender new leaves.
The roads were fine after
Marcy except for a couple
of steep hills. The
fields were cultivated
with cotton and we
began to see negroes
again. Some negroes
were out plowing and
[illegible] played on

some more of that bamboo stuff along the streams as it grew in Morganton The Sun had gone down and the moon was giving most of the light when we reached Inman and put up at Suddeths Livery Stable. The man a sure treacherous looking fellow said that he could take care of us for the night. So there we are in a second floor room with two beds and a fire. The mans daughters are healthy red cheeked lasses. But his wife dips snuff on a chicken stick and all her front teeth are gone. Joe Thos. got to feed first night after supper of fried

I am afraid that the boy is none too well but I can't do anything about it as he will not take my advice. The trouble with him is that he is just the conceited puppy that Sophomores proverbially are. He thinks that he knows everything. I am just out in the world and realize how little I know, so I cannot fight his fight with a condescending air. Besides he cares nothing for real knowledge about women he is ignorant and he disdainfully ignores it, simply dispatching as fools all people who can write if they want to. It is a shame that we two fellows should not be more congenial

If we were jolly good fellows together we might have had good time & all good times. But now I am sure that if I speak he will either say he knew it all before, or contradict it when this denial is ludicrous on the face of it, so I generally keep quiet. I can only depend on his listening pleasantly if I have a funniest story to tell, especially if it is a true one, so I look most out & learn a few a day. Perhaps he is having a royal good time. He is so moderate and unimaginative that he may be perfectly satisfied with himself, me and our trip I hope so for his sake. I am sure

Today we rode ridden 40 miles.

Thursday, February -6-

Union Hotel, Union, South Carolina.

The horses were not shod when we were ready to start at half past eight this morning so I sat in the sun by the stable and talked to a ragged little boy. He was very ragged and his hair was long and straggling. He said that he would not take anything for the knife he was whittling with for it was given him by his father who died not a week ago, and it cost fifty cents. The little chap seemed to think that death might take him next and whatever brilliant future I suggested for him, he replied that perhaps he

boy. He said that he was named for three preachers but I have forgotten the first two. His name ended I think, Ward Caldwell. In the stable was what he called a "jack" and he took me in to see it. It was a great headed long eared ass with woolly hair on its forehead. Very fine it was according to the boy, and once it bit off a boy's head. There was a "pony" out in the yard the same sort of a beast only not so ugly looking. By the time I had seen the animals, the ladies came back from. For they condemanded my order to have them with them which I gave last night

Thos Nellie at all. This
Morning however when he
looked at Nellies feet
this morning he found
them in such a bad
condition that he had
her shod all around on
his own responsibility.
He said that the horses
would go better now and
they certainly have done
well to day. A large Gun
suddenly the mountains and
we have travelled entirely
over fertile and country
and good roads, through
countless Cotton fields.
We have found the
South Carolina people
a truly truly crowd.
The old man we stayed
with last night was
disagreeable enough.
At Rich Hill they absolutely

horsefed. An old Squire Lancaster was particularly attention. At Pacolet we dined at some sort of a tavern of low Dawgers given and taken with very good grace. I spent the Morning as we jogged along, composing my play "The Charmers." The first act begins with a Society and after the people have thinned out the two Charmers a fascinating Society Man and Woman meet and Compare notes. Each finds Cupid in vain to wrestle a Chosen and very much younger Member of the opposite sex. They decide that their purpose can never

be accomplished in the city. So they plan a riding trip to the Natural Bridge where a visit of the Enchantress is to give a house party. The two young widows shall be taken and an elderly Major and Mrs Imboden as chaperones. In the second act the party are starting and getting off with humorous delays about accidents. The characters are handled, Allegro and Lento. Either displays the intended theme. The young people have on riding clothes. In a second scene the young people meet at

the others dress for dinner. They agree that all this dress is nonsense But when the Charmers come down in beautiful costume they fall an easy prey. In the evening each one has to entertain the Company in turn. The young folk do some Gondolier Whip and then the Charmer tells a thrilling Ghost Story, while the Enchantress enthralls the young Earl with a brilliant dance for- which the Charmer plays the accompaniment. The third act is at sunset by the Natural Bridge which appears in the Scenery.

All sorts of things may happen. But at the end in the moonlight, both the Charmers and their foes are most triumphant. The following morning, however, the young people appear one after the other showing ridiculous signs of a restless night. The enchanters see that both are wretchedly unhappy because they really love each other. The matter is finally arranged and all the members of the house-party could be [illegible] the young lovers in each others arms. Then for the first

Charmers find themselves
unnoticed in a room full of
people. Something must be
done. The Enchantress saves
the situation by suggesting
that they follow the
good Example. Then
all eyes are turned
on them as they
the brilliant society
leaders hug each
other like children
with love that is
not feigned. By little
signs all through the
play, a suspicion of
their unknown attachment
to each other has appeared
so that all ends
happily and naturally
with the palm of victory
belonging to the Charmers
who have added to their
laurels by tempering their

Rest with mercy for the vanquished.
This play pretty much absorbed
the morning. I did notice one
fine old brick house outside
Spartanburg, turn down, and also
marred by a Jeffersonian porch.
Spartanburg is a big city
with a statue to Revolutionary
heroes in the square. Our journey
today seems to have been only forty
miles but all the maps make
it some six miles longer
than yesterday. We were
glad when we came into Union
at seven o'clock after following
the rail-road tracks up hill all
all day to see a fine hotel
gleaming with lights ready to
receive us. We have a front
upper room with hot water and
beds. Rapidanum back is
badly galled - to night. I have
washed it with cold water &
applied alum, but I think that
tomorrow I ought to ride Lee-Back.